

LADIES MUSEUM.

VOL. 1.

"BLENDING THE USEFUL WITH THE SWEET."

NO. 20.

PROVIDENCE, (R. I.) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1825.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED SATURDAYS BY

EATON W. MAXCY,

At No. 8, North Main-St. (3d story,) near the Market, and opposite Mr. Thos. Howard's Hardware Store.

Terms.—One dollar and fifty cents per ann. payable in advance, or within three months after subscribing; one dollar and seventy-five cents if not paid within 6 months; and 2 dollars if not paid within the year.

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Miscellany.

[SELECTED FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.]

MATRIMONY AND DIVORCE.

Had the following anecdote been in existence in the time of our great Poet Milton, would he not have translated it into his high style, and given it a place in his treatise on the "Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce?" One can easily conceive how he would have chuckled over such a thing in the midst of the bitterness, (caused by his wife's misconduct,) with which he sat down to compose his "Tetrachordon," and other tracts on the subject:

An aged Indian, who, for many years had spent much of his time among the white people, both in Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, one day observed, that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a *good* one; "for, (said he, in his broken English,) white man court, court, may be one whole year, may be two years before he marry; well, may be then got very *good* wife—but may be *not*; may be very *cross*. Well, now, suppose *cross*; scold so soon as get awake in the morning; scold all day; scold until sleep; all one—he must keep *him*.* White people have law, forbidding throwing away wife, be *he* ever so *cross*; must keep *him* always.—Well, how does Indian do? Indian, when he see industrious Squaw, which he like, he go to *him*, place his two fore-fingers close aside each other, make two look like one; look Squaw in the face; see *him* smile—which is all one *he* says *Yes*. So he take *him* home—no danger *he* be *cross*; no; no. Squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* *cross*: throw *him* away, and take another! Squaw love to eat meat. No husband—no meat. Squaw do every thing to please husband—he do the same to please Squaw—live happy."

* The pronouns, in the Indian language, have no feminine gender.

FREDERICK AND MARIANNE.

A TALE—FOUNDED ON FACT.

Honorius, one day, received from his brother, the following letter:

"I desired to have your son you entrusted to me from his earliest years. Before I constituted him my heir, I was anxious to make him my friend. Embued with a sensibility of a father, I was desirous to procure, by adoption, a son whom I could love. I wished to have him with me quite young, that I might have the pleasure

—“to rear his tender thoughts—
To teach his young ideas how to shoot.”

And by early and increasing benefits, I wished him to behold in me, not a rich uncle, but a tender father. You consented to my wishes, you tore yourself from the dearest object in the world, and banished him, as it were, three hundred miles from yourself; you thought, at least, you had given happiness to a brother. My friend, our hopes have been disappointed! This is a confession that I have postponed for many years, because I was sensible it would occasion grief. But I can no longer defer it. Frederick is unworthy both of you and me; and his past conduct has rendered me quite hopeless of the future. I do not speak of the follies of infancy; the faults of that period are to be attributed less to the character than to tender and thoughtless years.—What do I say? His extreme vivacity appeared to me the pledge and first fruits of his understanding; in his youth I beheld nothing but a noble pride; and in adopting the title, I had contracted the weakness of the father. I must confess, moreover, that even in the faults of Frederick, there was a kind of splendor that was calculated to deceive. I was blind.—Alas! why cannot I be so now? He soon leaves me, but I am a prey to the most alarming apprehensions. Abandoned to all the passions of his age, they are marked in him by the effervescence that reason nor authority can assuage. In a word, not a day passes, but his health and his fortune are endangered. Neither my grief, nor the sufferings that frequently result from his own conduct, can affect him the least; he is every moment punished without being corrected. I know how much I wound your heart; but mine bled for many years before I could determine to break silence. I have but one hope remaining—it is in you. Write to him, speak to him with the feelings and the authority of a father. If this last effort should not succeed, I abandon all my hopes; I restore to you a present that will be fatal to us both, if the heart is not reformed by change of situation; and I shall still have the misfortune of not being able to rid myself of an ungrateful nephew, without being almost certain of loading you with an unnatural son."

This letter plunged Honorius into the most violent grief. He possessed, at Lyons, a moderate fortune, which was all embarked in commerce. Frederick

was his only son, whom he tenderly loved; and to secure a rich inheritance to him, he had sent him to Paris, to be brought up by his brother. This sacrifice embittered still more the sensation of calamity. And, perhaps, some traces of illustration, that hardly ever quit the parental bosom, persuaded him, that if his son had remained under his own inspection, he would have been faithful to his duty. It cost him much less to accuse his fate, than to condemn his son.

In this situation, however, he found what a blessing was the heart to which he could impart his grief.—He repaired to Florio, who was not so much his partner in trades as his friend. They lived together; and were more united by their sentiments than their commerce.

After lamenting a fortune which friendship had rendered mutual, Honorius wrote his son. Frederick read the letter; wept, perhaps, in reading it; and persisted in his conduct. The entreaties and menaces of his uncle were but empty noise; and his father's letters were soon treated as ridiculous declamations. The house of every virtuous family was shut against him; and by all who would preserve a character, his acquaintance was considered as disgraceful. His profligacy at last was carried to such a height, that the authority of the laws was obliged to interfere. An information was lodged against him for an action, which, perhaps, was exaggerated by his enemies; and that exile with which he had been so often threatened by his uncle, became now the only means of impunity. Forced to fly, abandoned by his uncle, and not daring to appear before his father, what asylum can he seek? Whose account can he implore? He could see nothing in the prospect before him but humiliation and ruin. In comparing his present situation with the past, and with what he had to expect in future, he was for some time in a state of inconceivable anguish. Adversity, however, instead of driving him to desperation, became the seasonable school of wisdom—he soon collected all his powers—and formed a plan, which, perhaps, is not easy to parallel.

When man, by the errors of youth, has destroyed his happiness; and, which is more dreadful still, the public esteem, the fate of his whole life depends upon the first resolution which he may form; and that first resolution is determined by his particular character. A person of weak understanding, although born with a love of virtue, finds no resource within himself. To his own misfortunes he can only oppose unavailing tears. The remorse which incessantly haunts him is attended by discouragement.—He feels for his faults, without having power to repair them. The moment he perceives that he has forfeited the public esteem, he is terrified by the efforts which are necessary to retrieve it; and, despairing to avoid infamy, he voluntarily devotes himself to it. He, on the contrary, who is born with an energetic soul, no sooner perceives the abyss into

Joseph H. Harris.

which passions have plunged him, than he is impatient of every obstacle to his release. Remorse does not teach him to deplore his faults—it excites him to efface them. He seeks not that philosophy that enables him to endure misfortunes, but that resolution which may enable him to subdue them.

The mind of Frederick was embued with that energy of resolution, which, when once exerted, is almost constantly crowned with success. His eyes were no longer covered by the bandage of illusion. He beheld his misconduct with the eyes of reason and equity. He acknowledged his punishment to be just. He felt that he merited the desertion of his relations, and the contempt of all virtuous men; but to make no effort to regain their esteem, he thought would doubly deserve their contempt. Punished by calamity, and corrected by repentance, his first object was to recover his own esteem. The most obvious suggestion, perhaps, in his situation, was to go to his father, and throw himself at his feet. He felt a reluctance, however, to request forgiveness; for his anxiety was first to deserve it. The accomplishments which his uncle had caused him to be taught for his amusement, he was now happy to render subservient to his subsistence. He visited several towns under a fictitious name; to the sciences which he had already acquired, he added still more by study; his principal view, however, was, to qualify himself as a merchant.

Some years had now elapsed since he had left his uncle's house. His father had almost despaired of seeing him again. Even the healing hand of time had not yet consoled him for his loss. He had condemned his son, but he wept for him still. His chief consolation was the friendship of Florio, who had an excellent heart, and a person of the most rigid probity. Florio had been left a widower early, with a daughter of sixteen, who, to the candor which she inherited from her father, united the modesty of her sex, and timidity of her tender age. To her personal charms, she added that inexpressible grace, in action and conversation, which ever heightens the power of beauty. Marianne, which was her name, divided her filial cares between her father and Honorius, who loved her tenderly, and who endeavored to find in her the son whom he had lost.

In the mean time, Frederick had returned to his native city, with a total alteration in his manners and principles. Steady to the vow he had formed, to repair and expiate the errors of his youth, he resolved, if possible, to take shelter under his parental roof.—But he was unwilling to appear before his father, as a guilty, though repentant son; although he might have flattered himself, perhaps, with obtaining favour in his eyes, who had not himself been a witness to his irregularities. Ludovicus, however, (for that was the name he had assumed,) was less apprehensive of being pardoned, than of meriting his pardon. He wished to prove, by actions, that his heart was changed, and to have unquestionable rights to the clemency of his father.

As Frederick had been from his father's house while an infant, he could not possibly be known by him. This circumstance was favorable to his views, and he neglected nothing to render them successful.

He made commerce, as before observed, his par-

ticular study, he had acquired a reputation as an excellent accountant, under the name he had assumed; and being recommended from town to town, he had the good fortune to be accepted by Florio, who had occasion for a clerk. Ludovicus was delighted with this happy incident; but as Honorius and Florio lived together, it was not without trembling that he first set foot in their house. Such, however, was the reception he met with, that his heart was soon at ease. He was handsome and genteel, of a pleasing address, and an engaging countenance. An excellent understanding was soon conspicuous, with the abilities equal to the most difficult affairs. Opportunities occurred, too, in which his integrity, unknown to him, was put to the proof, and remained inviolate. His sensibility was manifested on several occasions; and the delicacy of his sentiments were ever more apparent in his actions than in his conversation. These excellent qualities soon gained him the esteem of his two masters; and that esteem was soon ripened into friendship.

But his conduct, while it obtained the esteem of Honorius, renewed his paternal sorrows. He compared this excellent youth to the unhappy son he had lost, and he wept at the comparison. Habituated now to open his whole heart to Ludovicus he one day mentioned to him this inexhaustible source of his grief.

"Alas! my dear friend, (said he,) my life alone can terminate my grief. I had once a son—but all fathers are not happy. You tell me you deplore the loss of an affectionate father. O, cruel singularity of fate! That father is no more, who might have been happy in beholding the virtues of such a son—and I—I, alas, still live."

At these words he affectionately pressed his hands, bedewed with tears. The emotions of Ludovicus may be better conceived than described. With difficulty could he keep his secret; but he was apprehensive of losing all his merit by a premature discovery; and he did not think he had yet merited his pardon.

In the mean time, the affairs of the two friends turned out more prosperously ever since Ludovicus had entered their service; and they were too generous to conceal from him, that it was owing to his management. They even thought it their duty to reward his services, and admitted him into the partnership. This favor flattered Ludovicus, not so much as a means of advancement, as a testimony and pledge of friendship, that was dear and precious to him.

Some days after, the indisposition of Honorius alarmed all his tenderness, and placed his sensibility in the most endearing light. Every moment that he was not obliged to give to the counting-house, he attended near his father's bed. On the pretence that he understood physic, he prepared himself all the medicine that had been ordered; and he would suffer no one else to present them. He attended his father every day; he watched him in the night; and had his indisposition lasted long, he must have been taken ill himself with fatigue and grief. This tender behaviour could not but augment the affection of Honorius, who could scarce allow him to leave him a moment. Sometimes he would affectionately

regard him, and exclaim, "Alas! why did not Heaven permit me to be your father?" He would relate the misconduct of his son. This relation punished and afflicted Ludovicus; but the demonstration of friendship that accompanied it, soon consoled him. How often was he upon the point of discovering himself! but fear as often restrained him.

"No, (said he,) let me remain what I am, since I am thus happy; and why should I recall what I have been, when I would fain forget it myself? I have the esteem and friendship of my father; and why should I hazard both? Ludovicus is esteemed and beloved; Frederick, perhaps, would be hated."

He continued to console himself for the chagrin of not being able to call Honorius his father, by paying him all the duties of a son. Such was the life he led; a peaceful and happy life, which his heart preferred to all the giddy and tumultuous days which had rendered him so culpable.

But his heart, although changed, was not become insensible. Ludovicus saw and conversed too often with Marianne, not to be captivated by such an assemblage of personal and mental charms. He had endeavored to stifle this passion in its infancy; but how vain was the attempt, when he was obliged to behold the object that could rekindle it at a single glance? Besides, not the consciousness alone of what he really was, contributed to embolden him; but Florio had often given him to understand, that he should not be displeased to find him agreeable to his daughter. This was sufficient to encourage a heart less susceptible than his of the soft impressions of love; and Ludovicus, accordingly, indulged the delightful ideas that such a passion and such an object could inspire. But Ludovicus, that audacious conquerer, with whom a declaration of love was once a jest, could now scarce permit even his looks to speak. They were expressive enough, however, to be understood, and timid enough to be interesting. On the other hand, his amiable manners and virtuous accomplishments, not to mention his excellent character, and the high estimation in which he was held by her father, could not fail to make some impressions on the tender heart of Marianne. In a word, Ludovicus soon obtained an avowal of a love, which, perhaps, he had inspired before he could presume to declare his own.

I should here observe, that the two fathers had, many years before, formed the idea of cementing their friendship, by the marriage of their children.—But the misconduct of Frederick, his disgraceful flight, and supposed death, had long destroyed this once favorite idea.

One day, then, Florio, after a consultation with Honorius, sent for Ludovicus, and offered him his daughter. The happy lover accepted this offer with transports of gratitude and joy.

Some days after, when the notary and witnesses were assembled to see the contract signed, Ludovicus found he could no longer preserve his secret, and he trembled at the idea. Never had he been in such a situation of terror and apprehension. His embarrassment was too visible not to be remarked. The two fathers enquired the cause. "Oh! my benefactors, (said the supposed Ludovicus,) can you forgive the appearance of distress in the happiest mo-

ment of my life?—but a consent is still wanting to my happiness." "What consent?" (exclaimed Honorius,) you have no father!" "I know not, sir, (answered Ludovicus, throwing himself at his feet,) whether you alone can resolve it; behold the guilty Frederick, who deserved your severest rigor! I have long remained concealed, that I might expiate my faults by unquestionable penitence. You have seen me, not what I once was, but what I hope ever to be."

Imagine the surprise, the joy, the transports, of a parent! Imagine the happiness of Florio and Marianne! Scenes like this must be imagined—they cannot be described. Frederick was united to the charming Marianne; the news of his restoration was communicated to the good uncle, who, in the joy of his heart, settled his whole fortune upon him; and Frederick long lived an example of all the virtues that could result from his heroic penitence, and all the felicity that could arise from his union with a bride.

FROM CAPT. BASIL HALL'S JOURNAL.

Singular customs of the Females of Guayaquil.

We were somewhat surprised, on entering the first house, to observe the Ladies in immense hammocks, made of a net work of strong grass, dyed of various colors, suspended from the roof, which was twenty feet high. Some of them were sitting, others reclining on their hammocks, with their feet, or, at least, one foot, left hanging out, and so nearly touching the floor, that, when they pleased, they could reach it with the toe, and by a gentle push, give motion to the hammock. This family consisted of no less than three generations: the grandmother lying at full length in a hammock suspended across one corner of the room, the mother seated in another swinging from side to side, and three young ladies, her daughters, lounging in one hammock, attached to hooks along the length of the room. The whole party were swinging away at such a furious rate, that, at first, we were confounded and made giddy by the variety of motions in different directions.—We succeeded, however, in making good our passage to a sofa at the further side of the room, though not without apprehension of being knocked over by the way. The ladies, seeing us embarrassed, ceased their vibrations until the introductions had taken place, and then, touching the floor with their feet, swung off again without any interruption to the conversation.

We had often heard before of the fair complexion of the Guayaquilians, but had fancied it was merely comparative. To our surprise, therefore, we found these ladies quite as fair and clear in complexion as any Europeans; unlike the Spaniards, also, their eyes were blue, and their hair of a light color. The whole party maintained the character for pre-eminence in beauty, for which Guayaquil is celebrated. Even the venerable grandmother preserved her looks in a degree rarely met with between the tropics.

BEWARE OF BOASTING.

An Apothecary, being with a large company of his neighbors, boasted, that a new patient, who had been many months confined to his bed, under the

care of of another Apothecary, was out in twenty-four hours after he began to attend him. "Yes, (replied a person present,) I know that to be a fact; I met him yesterday going to be buried."

GOOD EVIDENCE.

A witness being called to give his testimony in court, in the State of New-York, respecting the loss of a Shirt, gave the following:

"Mother said, that Ruth said, that Nell said, that Poll told her, that she see a man that see a boy run through the street with a streaked flannel shirt, all checker, checker, checker, and our galls won't lie, for mother has whipped 'em a hundred thousand times for lying."



POETRY.

[ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.]

FOR THE LADIES MUSEUM.

TO LOUISA.

*What pure and white wing'd agents of the sky
Inform congenial spirits when they meet.*

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Harp of the North, I feel again
Thy potent witchery—
For who can wake the magic strain—
Like thee?

O! who can make the bosom thrill
With heaven-born sympathy,
Or bid the heart's wild wave be still—
Like thee?

Who can the rainbow tints restore,
That gilded infancy;
Or call back halcyon dreams of yore—
Like thee?

Ah! who can heal the bleeding heart,
When hope's bright visions flee;
Or sooth the lov'd, when doom'd to part—
Like thee?

O! who can point us to the skies,
And bid the soul be free,
And make us earth's vile dust despise—
Like thee?

When death shall break thy spell of love,
Bid no farewell to me;
But waft my soul, to dwell above—
With thee.

J. S.

THE FELON.

Oh, mark his wan and hallow cheek,
And mark his eye-ball's glare;
And mark his teeth in anguish clench'd,
The anguish of despair!

Know, since three days, his penance borne,
Yon felon left the jail;
And since three days no food has pass'd
Those lips so parch'd and pale.

"Where shall I turn? (the wretch exclaims,
Where hide my shameful head?
How fly from scorn? Oh, how contrive
To earn my honest bread?"

This branded hand would gladly toil—
But when for work I pray,
Who sees this mark, 'A Felon,' cries,
And loathing turns away.

This heart has greatly err'd—but now
Would fain revert to good;
This hand has deeply sinn'd—but yet
Has ne'er been stain'd with blood!

For work or alms in vain I sue,
The scorners both deny:
I starve—I starve—than what remains?
This choice—to sin or die!

Here, virtue spurns me with disdain;
There, pleasure spreads her snare;
Strong habit drags me back to vice,
And, urg'd by fierce despair—

I strive, while hunger gnaws my heart,
To fly from shame, in vain!
World, 'tis thy cruel will—I yield,
And plunge in guilt again.

There's mercy in each ray of light
That mortal eyes e'er saw;
There's mercy in each breath of air
That mortal lips e'er draw;

There's mercy, both for man and beast,
In God's indulgent plan;
There's mercy in each creeping thing,
But, *Man has none for Man.*

Ye proudly honest, when ye heard
My wounded conscience groan,
Had generous hand of feeling heart,
One glimpse of mercy shown—

That act had made, from burning eyes,
Sweet tears of virtue roll;
Had fix'd my heart, assur'd my faith,
And, *Heaven had gain'd a soul.*"

FAREWELL TO HOME.

Lov'd home of my youth—must I bid the farewell,
And greet thy caresses no more?
Must I part, and forever, far, far from the dwell—
The spot I shall ever adore?

Must I leave thee? fond nature declines the remove;
She lingers—refuses to go;
She turns to the scenes which e'en angels might love,
Did they wish for enjoyment below.

Must we part?—then forever, forever, adieu;
I must hasten my flight far away;
But no scene sweet as thine shall my pleasures renew,
As down life's lone valley I stray.

Farewell, hill and dale, where I've pass'd the blest hours,

And so hastily taken their flight ;
Farewell—if forever—ye groves and ye bowers,
Where mem'ry will stray with delight.

Farewell, thou lov'd stream, whose meanders I've traced,

On whose banks I have rested in peace ;
Farewell—but thy vision shall ne'er be effac'd,
And my friendship, till death, shall not cease.

Ever sacred the spot, too, where slumber the dead—
The friends of my youth—but tears can't restore ;
With their spirits, their friendship, their councils,
have fled,

They illumine my pathway no more.

But peace to your slumbers—no more I return
To weep o'er your ashes at even !
Still sleep ye in peace, till eternity's morn,
When the trumpet shall wake you for heaven.

Lov'd spot of my birth ! Fate bids me depart !
But with tears on the sentence I dwell ;
Must I go ? ah ! it brakes the last string of my heart—
Blest home of my childhood—forever—farewell !

ANNETTE'S SONG.

She approached the edge of the hill where there is a little platform from whence the people of Hon-fleur look out for the approach of vessels. Here she stood for some time waving her handkerchief, though there was nothing to be seen but two or three flashing boats like mere specks on the bosom of the ocean :—"When the winter has passed away, (said she,) and the trees put on their blossoms, and the swallow comes back over the sea, he will return."

Bracebridge Hall.

Haste, haste, my love, for dark
The stormy wave is heaving,
And chains around thy bark
Are tempest spirits weaving.

They'll drag thee to the cell,
In serpent-like caresses,
Where ocean monsters dwell,
And mermaids curl their tresses.

Oh ! haste—for in the west
Dim dismal clouds are sailing,
And from the sea-bird's nest
There comes a hollow wailing.

The bridal wreath of white
With roses I have braided,
Then come, ere gloom of night
Its loveliness has shaded.

He hears me not—but when
The winds no more are chilling,
When trees are green again,
And swallow birds are billing—

He will, when they have flown,
Return, no more to leave us ;
And Garlands, of their own,
Young Love and Hope shall weave us.

WOMAN'S FIDELITY.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her breath has lost all its sweet perfume,
And the gloss has dropt from her golden hair,
And her forehead is pale, tho' no longer fair—

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with e'er mortality ;
And the smile that play'd on her lip hath fled,
And every grace hath left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in the height of power,
But left her all, in her wintry hour ;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last sad sigh—
And *this* is MAN'S fidelity.

'Tis WOMAN alone, with a firmer heart,
Can see all those idols of life depart,
And love the more—and sooth and bless,
Man in his utter wretchedness.

LADIES MUSEUM.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1825.

EAGLE NOTES.

The Editor of the Boston Patriot relates the following anecdote to show the effect of the failure of the Eagle Bank on one class of the community :

"An ignorant Hibernian having received a check on the United States' Branch Bank, in this city, for his summer's labor, presented it to be cashed. The teller counted him out the amount in United States' Bank Bills, bearing the impress of the Eagle, which the Hibernian at once refused to receive, declaring he would take no *Eagle Notes*, as the bank had failed. An attempt was made to convince him of his error, but in vain ; and the specie was accordingly paid him."

A GHOST.

Much curiosity, (says the Editor of the New-York Spectator,) is said to have been excited, of late, at Georgetown, to get a view of a Ghost which was said to have made its appearance near the monastery in that town. Many had seen its ghostship ; some had conversed with it ; Father Clorviere had exorcised it. In some instances it had been pursued, and turned from a beautiful young lady to a dog with a chain round his neck. The facts, however, have been ascertained briefly to be these :—A young woman had been chilling the children of a gentleman's family by frightful stories of ghosts and goblins ; and the gentleman, to eradicate the superstitious terror from their minds, led them forth for several successive evenings, into gloomy places, among deserted dwellings, &c. by way of teaching them the absurdity of such idle tales. A mischievous boy, however, undertook to play the part of a ghost on one of these occasions, and was only exorcised by means of a locust switch. We ourselves witnessed the materials for an elegant ghost story on Monday morning of last week. While climbing the Catskill mountains, in company with two friends, on foot, between the gloomy hours of one and three o'clock of that morning, after penetrating through a cloud that hung up on the side of the mighty steep, like a huge pillar

of misty vapor, the moon shot a gleam of sickly light among the dark foliage which overhangs the serpentine pathway. At the distance of a few rods ahead we discovered a white form, which, to our excited fancies, soon presented a clear, well defined, and beautiful female figure, arrayed in a graceful robe of purest white. Determined to satisfy ourselves as to the cause of the phenomenon, or, to shake hands with her ladyship, if ladyship she was, we rushed forward—and the charm was only desolved when we found ourselves half leg deep in a little pool of water, a part of which had been lighted up by the rays of the moon, so as to present the appearance we have described.

TWENTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

Mr. Pardon Sheldon, Grocer, of this town, was the fortunate holder of the Ticket in the last class of the Oxford Academy Lottery, (just drawn,) which drew the capital prize of Twenty Thousand Dollars, and was sold by Col. J. B. Wood.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

"J. S." has been received, and shall have a conspicuous place in our next.



MARRIED,

In this town, on Tuesday evening week, by Rev. Mr. Webb, Mr. Seth Swain, of Nantucket, to Miss Mary Fisher, of this town.

On Wednesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Daniel Cheever, to Miss Alice E. Henry, both of this town.

On Sunday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. Henry S. Simmons, to Miss Susan Bellows, both of Johnston.

In North-Providence, on Tuesday evening last, by Rev. Mr. Pickering, Mr. Silas Hall, Jr. of Providence, to Miss Julia-Ann Smith, of N. P.



DIED,

In this town, 1st inst. Mrs. Cynthia A. Vinton, wife of Mr. Oliver Vinton, aged 27 years.

Same day, Mrs. Mary Tefft, widow of the late Mr. David Tefft, in the 65th year of her age.

On Sunday morning last, Mrs. Sarah Randall, wife of Mr. Nicholas Randall, of Cranston, in her 56th year.

On Monday morning last, Cynthia Hale, an interesting and promising daughter of Mr. William A. Smith, in the 4th year of her age.

In Taunton, on Saturday last, Mr. Daniel Brewer, aged 82 years.

New subscribers for the LADIES MUSEUM can have the numbers from the commencement of the volume, at one dollar and fifty cents per annum, by paying the same within three months from the time of subscribing.